

Bone Awl

"Artaud To Riviere"

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"I suffer from a fearful mental disease
My thoughts abandon me at every stage
Thus whenever I am able to grasp a form
However imperfect I hold on to it

There is one single thing
Which destroys my ideas
Something which does not stop me
Being what I might
But if I may express it thus
Leaves me in a state of suspense
Something furtive which robs me
Of the words I've found

The star eats tilted sky
Begins its flight towards peaks
Night sweeps up the scraps
Of our gratifying meal

How could we distinguish
Normal mechanisms
If we were not
Temporarily deprived of them
A consolation to those
Who experience death in small doses
They are the only ones
Who know what life consists of."

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